

dream hidden in your heart.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23845504) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23845504>.

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Character: | Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Additional Tags: | Pining , Love Confessions , Drabble , Angst , Clay Dream is Bad at Feelings , Bisexual GeorgeNotFound |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 1 of Bro, I just posted cringe |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-04-25 Updated: 2020-05-28 Words: 8,532 Chapters: 5/6 |

dream hidden in your heart.

by [Yikes \(Mr_CoralFlower\)](#)

Summary

George pines in silence, until he doesn't.

companion fic is updating at midnight eastern time

ch. 1 is a drabble, the rest is the result of poor impulse control.

formerly titled Bro, I Just Posted Cringe

Notes

this is not the kind of thing i usually write and i have too many WIPs to commit to more than a drabble. im just hoping i stop thinking about this ship now

dream or george if u see this, this isnt abt u, this is abt how my personal issues influence my consumption of ur content. look away

Bro, I Just Posted Cringe

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They dance around each other for ages-- George never starts using Dream's real name, no matter how close they get, no matter how strong the attraction grows, and he tries so hard not to label it as what it is: a crush, and then a brief, embarrassing period of infatuation, and finally, just... love.

Part of it is that every moment with Dream is fun, even when he's hating it. Something about Dream being there makes it all worth it. George never intends to confess, but then Dream puts a rosebush in his inventory and dares him. George gives in.

Chapter End Notes

the moment referenced is from part 2 of the inventory shrinking challenge on george's channel

I Am Going to Lose Subscriber

Chapter Summary

George suffers.

Chapter Notes

well, it didnt work, so here we are. 1500 more words of this. just take it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George thinks a lot, after the confession. Because--

Because--

Dream makes so many jokes. It's constant. And honestly, that's what makes George a little bit uncomfortable with the shipping. The fact that he's already there, but Dream might never be. George doesn't want to think poorly about his best friend, but sometimes, he wonders if Dream encourages the shipping on purpose, looking at the wild success of other vloggers who have been shipped together.

Dan and Phil got their happy ending. Will that ever happen to George? Or is Dream just playing? Will it always just be a joke to him?

George feels obvious and pathetic. When Dream teases him for using inclusive language, he feels uncertain. When Dream jokes on stream about getting married, he feels led on, and he feels stupid for feeling that way. He feels like Dream can tell he's head over heels, and just sees it as an opportunity for clout. *Only a small percentage of my viewers are actually subscribed to me.*

He types out a message, *Only a small percentage (zero) of my friends are actually dating me, so if you like me, consider asking me out. It's completely free, and you can always break up with me if you change your mind.* Then he deletes it and shakes his head, because it's stupid stupid stupid to go for it when he's so uncertain of the outcome. When Dream has a girlfriend.

But he keeps on playing. There's something about Dream that he just can't resist, and spoiler alert, it's not the guy's money.

And so it goes.

.

It's the first time George has ever felt this way about someone in a way that's completely separate from their appearance. He's never fallen this hard for anyone without ever seeing their face. It's scary sometimes, like walking through your house in the dark when the power is out. He feels it in his heartbeat whenever Dream speaks to him.

And he sort of hates his fans for noticing. Hates them for pointing it out in the first place, because

honestly, he isn't sure Dream would have noticed without that. He definitely wouldn't have noticed so soon, anyway. It makes George self conscious, makes him second guess everything he says and inspect his own actions over and over after the fact. He feels like they're always, always watching him, at least, when he's online he feels that way. He starts taking walks more often.

It's stupid, but walking around his neighborhood makes George long for something domestic, the kind of stable, sweet, caring home his parents must have had together before he came along and ruined everything and they got divorced. George wants to--

It's stupid, it's stupid, his crush has a girlfriend and this time it isn't because they're a lesbian. It's stupid.

George hates himself for it a lot of the time, in a way he's never hated himself for liking a girl, and he knows that's even more stupid, so he hates himself for hating himself and chokes on the hatred (on tears) as he lays in bed failing to sleep at night.

.

George doesn't realise the day is different at first. Dream has tweeted something about cheaters and George wonders if someone hacked on the server or something.

In his defense, he just woke up.

He taps the tweet to see the replies and someone has pointed out that Sam deleted her twitter account.

He sends a message to Dream, *heard the news. that sucks dude*

Dream doesn't respond to that, and the next message George gets from him is hours later, completely unrelated.

.

It's worse now that Dream is single. It's much worse. George has to be ten times more careful about hope and killing it before it can take root in his life and poison everything. And the stupid *flowers* Dream always throws at him when they play-- George feels baited.

.

It all comes to a head on a call with some newbie youtubers George doesn't really care about. During a lull in the conversation where all but one of the others are off getting food or taking leaks, Dream finds out the remaining kid is a big fan of their channels and asks if he ships the two of them. George physically hides his face in the real world, dreading the answer.

"I don't ship real people to their faces. And--"

"But it's funny," Dream insists. "I'm not uncomfortable with it, I just think it's--"

"Yeah, I've heard you say that before," says this guy. "People have shown me stream clips. But I haven't heard much about it from George other than him consistently telling you to stop when you joke about it."

And *now* things are uncomfortable.

"George thinks it's funny too," Dream says. "Right George?"

Oh no. George swallows, and says,

"I mean, yeah. It's--"

"Are you uncomfortable with it?" asks the other guy, and George shifts in his chair and makes one of those sounds he makes when he's worrying about things.

"A little. It doesn't matter, it's--"

"There's no minimum amount of discomfort you have to feel to ask people to stop, you know," the guy says. George thinks his name is Henry, but he hasn't been paying that close attention.

"It's just a stupid joke," Dream says. "It's really not that serious--"

"Relationships aren't some stupid joke, Dream," George finds himself saying. "It's--"

"I know," Dream says, and he's quiet now. George winces, and one of the others unmutes and says,

"I'm back, what did I miss?"

"Nothing much," Dream says. "Just an in-depth philosophical discussion about the ethics of parasocial relationships and transformative work."

The guy who just came back snorts, and the conversation moves on.

.

Later that night, Dream calls George.

"Hey, can we, maybe talk about earlier?"

"Hello to you too, Dream, I'm doing great, thanks for asking."

Dream makes an amused noise and George imagines him rolling his eyes.

"No, seriously, can we talk about it?"

"What is there to talk about?"

"Have I been creeping you out this whole time? Like, by bringing it up? And acting like- well, you know."

George sighs, and thinks about that.

"I mean, not-- it's not that, it doesn't creep me out. I don't know. I can't really explain why I don't like it, I just don't."

"Do you want me to stop mentioning it?"

"Just stop encouraging them," George says. "I don't like it, it's weird--"

"Just stop encouraging them? So, what, if I wanna still give you flowers in minecraft when we play without recording it I can do that cus no one is watching? Or do you mean stop completely?"

George feels his cheeks flushing as the implications of the question rush through his head.

"Why would you want to give me flowers in minecraft in the first place, Dream?"

"Cus I can't give you them in real life, duh."

"Stop joking around."

"I'm not joking around! I'm asking--"

"Well excuse me if I'm skeptical that the same shit you always say is a joke when the camera is rolling suddenly isn't a joke anymore. Maybe you shouldn't have screwed around so much if you want me to take you seriously now."

"Will you answer the question? Can I give you flowers when we play minecraft alone or not?"

George pauses for a moment to breathe. He knows what he *should* say. He knows the answer that'd be better for him.

"If you really want to, I don't care," he says.

A pause.

"Do you wanna play some minecraft?"

"Oh, my god, you cannot be serious."

"Geooooorge--"

"Fine, I'll play some stupid minecraft with your stupid ass."

.

Dream almost seems as awkward about it as George usually is this time. He doesn't throw flowers at George like he has in the past. Instead, he's sort of quiet for a half hour, and then George finds his entire inventory replaced with individual roses. Every single slot, just one rose.

"Ugh-- Oh my *god*, Dream, where's my stuff-- *Why aren't these stacking?*"

"Don't mix them up!" Dream says, exasperated. "You have to read the message first."

George notices the rose his mouse is currently on has been renamed *not*.

"What," he says.

Sorry for not asking you if you were okay with it before I told everyone the shipping was fine . I assumed you thought it was funny too but I should have asked I L Y

"Okay, whatever," George says.

"I mean it," says Dream.

"I have to go to bed, I'm really tired," George says. He leaves the call before Dream can answer and disconnects from the server.

.

It's the corniest apology George has ever gotten in his life, and he has no idea how much of it is even sincere and how much is more jokes. The red roses are definitely a joke, referencing the other time Dream replaced his stuff with a rose, but what about the words?

I L Y is tricky, because if Dream was making fun of him he would've just written the phrase out. But instead he put letters. Why?

Because he had three extra spaces left. Obviously.

But then why not write out the words?

More importantly, Dream must have spent an entire half hour on it. Would he really put that much effort into a joke?

He's done it before.

Would he really put so much effort into a joke that only one person is going to see?

The real question, George realises, when it comes down to it, isn't whether Dream was being serious. The real question is if George thinks his friend is an asshole or not.

And at this point, he honestly doesn't know.

Chapter End Notes

leave a comment pls uwu

I Pretend I Do Not See It

Chapter Summary

George doesn't ask.

Chapter Notes

this is almost 2500 words. ive fallen face first into this ship.

this chapter is dedicated to dontrollthedice for commenting almost as soon as i posted chapter 2 and giving me So Much Feedback I Died. i had this chapter fully finished within like 3 hours of reading ur comment, it fueled me so much. i only waited to post so i could proofread.

also im already like 1800 words into another chapter as well. oops.

see [this video](#) at timestamp 5:15 for a demonstration of mlg boat 2 avoid fall damage

also for some of the scenes in this chapter theyre just in a shared survival world with no challenges going on cus thats the minecraft setting im most familiar with. i have no idea if they actually play on a survival world together but my guess would be probably not cus neither of them seem like the type

and [here's](#) the wikipedia article on love languages, in case yall wanna ensure that this chapter will destroy ur feelz. the Summary section is the relevant part.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George doesn't notice at first.

Maybe that's because Dream has never bothered being subtle before.

Maybe it's because he didn't think Dream would actually do it.

Once he notices, though, and realises how many times Dream has done it? Wow.

He's got a trash chest for stuff he doesn't need, because keeping lava or cacti around his base never ends well. He empties it out all at once whenever it fills up. He puts extra fences in it, andesite, diorite, granite, flowers, seeds, weapons and armour dropped by mobs, that sort of thing.

He doesn't notice when a cornflower finds its way into the chest without him putting it there.

He also doesn't notice when a dandelion ends up in his main chest; well, he does, he moves it to the trash, but he doesn't realise how it got there until later, when he's connecting the dots. He just assumes he mislicked after coming back from fighting mobs in a plains biome, or something.

What he notices, a couple days later, is the flowerpot that appears beside his door with an allium

inside. Dream never acknowledges it out loud, but George knows, and the tension it puts in his heartstrings makes him feel like snapping. It's like turning a guitar peg too far.

.

They do speedrunner vs. assassin again. Dream stops him in the middle of a desert and walks up to stand about four blocks away from him.

"Hey Geooooorge, I got something for you."

"Ugh," George says. "What? Dream, let me move--"

Dream tosses him a flower, and George stops talking. It's a blue orchid. George hasn't seen a single swamp biome the whole time. Where did Dream get this?

"Go dye your hat," Dream says. "It's too plain, it just looks wrong. Actually, do it right now, and I'll let you go."

George is...

He's actually kind of mad, because Dream said he would stop and it would have been so easy to just craft the stupid flower into dye before tossing it over.

"Just let me go, Dream."

"Dye your hat first."

"Dream."

"George."

"*Dream.*"

"*George.*"

"Ugh, fine, I'll do it."

He does it, and Dream backs up and lets him go. The game continues.

.

George expects it to be in the final video, but it isn't. He doesn't ask. He's been doing a lot of not asking recently.

.

"Hey George, I have something for you."

"What is it?"

"A job. Will you compost these for me?"

A full stack of lilacs, tossed on the ground where George is standing. And then one last lilac.

"And one more for you to keep."

"You can't compost flowers, Dream."

"Yeah you can," Dream says. "I checked the wiki, George."

"No you can't, I thought it was supposed to be food only?"

"Nope," Dream says. "Flowers are actually better than seeds."

"Right, watch it not work," George says, sprint-jumping over to one of the farm plots in the village they're currently in. He right clicks the composter, and it works. "Oh."

"Told you," Dream says, and George rolls his eyes, face burning. He slaps Dream with a lilac.

"Where'd you even get all these?"

"Around," Dream says.

"Did you spawn them in?"

"Maybe."

George huffs out a sigh and hits Dream with the lilacs again. "Cheater."

"Don't be like that, George, I would never cheat on you."

George swallows hard and turns back to the composter, holding right click on it until the stack runs out.

"Okay, that's the whole stack, Dream."

He tosses the bonemeal at Dream and then puts the extra lilac in the composter too.

.

"Hey George," Dream says. George places a torch and hits a skeleton with his axe.

"What?" he says.

"Check the chest by the entrance to your cave when you're done, I left some food in there for you."

"Okay," George says, killing the skeleton and turning to mine some iron.

When he gets back on the surface, he opens the chest. Five bread, ten steak, three mutton, and a poppy. George takes the food and leaves the poppy.

.

"Oh George, by the way, I have something for you," Dream says *on stream*, and George switches to his axe, turning to face Dream with dread coiling in his stomach like a snake.

"Dream, I swear to god, if--"

Dream tosses him steak, and George hits him with the axe anyway just for scaring him.

"What was that for!"

George thinks fast.

"This isn't enough steak, you only gave me three."

"I only kept two!" Dream says, and George sighs.

"Okay, I guess that's fine then."

.

"Hey George, what's your love language?" Dream asks one day. They're not on stream, and they're not recording.

"Java," George says, and Dream laughs.

.

"Hey, check out this waterfall," Dream says, as they're passing through a flower forest. George goes over to him. It's a neat place, if you're into minecraft scenery. George isn't really. The water runs down the hill past all the flowers and into a river.

"Okay, cool," George says, moving on.

.

They're streaming, and George is fully certain there wasn't this much iron in the chests last time they played on this world. Not to mention the 7 diamond blocks.

"Dream, where'd we get all this iron?"

"I couldn't sleep last night, so I did a bunch of mining," Dream says with a yawn. "You're welcome."

"Cool," George says, making some iron bars for the hell of it. He puts them in his trash chest.

.

"You can blow the houses up if you want," Dream says. "And I can get us more food."

"You just want me to blow myself up," George says, taking the TNT and the button Dream tosses him.

"What? No, it's the fun job. Just make sure you use the button to light it or the iron golem will get mad at you."

"Why haven't we killed that thing, anyway."

"I dunno," Dream says.

.

"Do you ever think about, like, what it would be like if we lived closer together?"

"What do you mean?"

George hears Dream sigh.

"Like, if we lived in the same neighborhood, or something."

"No, why would I think about that," George lies.

"Nevermind," Dream says, and George opens his mouth to take it back, but Dream is speaking quickly. "Hey, how many blaze rods have you got?"

"Two," George says.

.

"Hey everyone, in this challenge-- George, you explain it, you did the awesome coding this time."

George's face heats up, and he says,

"Right. So, in this one, anytime you place a block, you teleport right below it."

"And does that include lava or water?" Dream asks. "What if there's no air underneath the block?"

"Well, you'll just have to try it and find out," George says, still reeling from the simple fact that Dream included the word *awesome* in his opener.

.

"Nice shot-- wow, great shot-- holy crap, George, that was three in a row, you didn't even pause! Nice! Was that the last crystal?"

George sprints out of the dragon's breath on the ground and hits the enderman that's after him. They're doing another speedrunner vs. hunter, and George is the speedrunner this time.

"Th-thanks," he says, and his voice breaks. His heart is beating way too fast, and it isn't because the enderman has him on three hearts. "You're trying to kill me, why are you giving me compliments?"

"Because it was impressive!" Dream says, hitting him out of nowhere, luckily with food instead of his sword. "Aw, what-- I *swear* I had my sword out!"

It gives George time to run.

.

George ends up winning, and Dream--

Dream starts talking about--

It's weird. It's suspicious. It makes George giddy as he skips the credits and gets back to the overworld.

"--like literally, when the dragon hit me up in the air and you shot me right as I placed my water so I landed to the side of it on the ground and died, I was like, so amazed, I had no idea you could even do that! Like, I didn't know you specifically could do it *and* I didn't know it was possible in general, that would've never occurred to me. I can't believe you still had an arrow left after hitting all the end crystals. And then when you somehow managed to box me in with a creeper, that was so mean but so genius, I was soo mad! How did you even pull that off? And in the ravine when you made all that gravel fall on me--"

"Dream, *stop*," George says, and Dream hesitates.

"Serious stop or just shy stop?" he asks, and George makes a groaning sound, hiding his face.

"Ugh. Whatever, tell me how great I am," George says. "Declare it to everyone how I beat you because I'm just that awesome."

"Well, it *was* awesome," Dream says, and George shakes his head, whining,

"Nooooo, oh my god, quit it."

"No way," Dream says, and George can hear the smile in his voice. He sounds moments away from wheezing with laughter. "I don't know why you're having such a hard time hearing the truth, George. You kicked my ass today."

George makes some kind of nonfunctional sound and dies to a zombie.

"Dreaaaam."

Dream starts laughing, and George swallows, heart racing.

"Dude, you literally pulled off an MLG boat in the nether when I hit you off the wall of the fortress. And then when I stole your boat and knocked you off again you deliberately used the lava on the side of a pillar to slow your fall and place a block on the side like a madman. That was literally ridiculous, I can't believe you did it, I'm gonna have to watch that again like five times because of how epic it was when you survived it. Seriously. Did you somehow know my health was too low to try and follow you? Cus if I could've, I probably would've killed you. How low did you get?"

"I was on half a heart before I drank the regen potion," George says.

"Before you-- *what?*"

"Oh yeah, I had potions," George says.

"So not only did you kill a ghast somewhere you could pick up its loot, you made a whole brewing stand while in the nether and brought bottles of water with you? Are you for real? Where in the fortress did you do this?"

George realises he's smiling so wide his face hurts, and he shrugs, forgetting for a moment that Dream can't see him.

"I did it, uh, under the fortress, in one of the pillars so you wouldn't find my brewing stand, since the portal was literally in the fortress. I was really annoyed you made me use one of my regen potions on that, since I had started some fire resistance potions brewing before I left the last time I was in my secret hideout."

"Your secret hideout? Dude, you sound like a kindergartner. Seriously, I'm so baffled, how many water bottles did you even bring? How much inventory space did you use on it?"

"A lot," George says. "I mean, I figured why not? I could always just throw the bottles away if I needed more space."

"When did you even have time to smelt glass? Where did you get the *sand*?"

"Uh, from the desert? Duh."

"You were only there for like a minute before I caught up to you!"

"I used torches."

"Still, that's ridiculous."

"How did you not see the achievement, anyway?"

"You already had it from the igloo."

"Oh, right."

"Hey, can you hit the respawn button by the way?"

George looks back up at his screen and realises he never respawned after dying to that zombie. He clicks respawn, and hears the sound of an item being picked up. There's a rose in his hotbar.

"Dude, what--"

"That's your prize for winning," Dream says gleefully, and George runs over and starts hitting him with it. Dream doesn't even hit back, just lets George kill him, and then lets him do it again after he respawns.

"For real, you were awesome tonight. You were recording, right? Cus I'm gonna have to include your POV for at least some of the completely wild things you did."

"I'm recording, yeah. Make sure the stuff you include raises more questions than it answers, though, so people have a reason to watch it on my channel too."

"Oh, for sure. Like, I'll show you getting to half a heart, but not how you recover."

"Perfect," George says. "I mean, well, I started drinking the potion before I got to half a heart, otherwise I wouldn't have made it. It takes too long to drink potions."

"Okay, then I'll-- well, I'll figure it out. This was so cool. It's gonna be even more popular than when I beat you and Sapnap, I bet."

"You think?"

"Yeah, I'm certain," Dream says, and George's face flushes again, which sucks, because he had just started to recover. "There was literally so much, so many cool things that happened. I bet if I edited it right I could make it look like two fully separate games, there's enough intense moments for both to still be interesting."

"Okay now you're just being ridiculous," George says, kind of overwhelmed. "Stop, seriously, let's just-- I need to get some dinner."

"Alright, go eat," Dream says. "But I'm serious too."

"Whatever," George says, hanging up from the call and disconnecting.

.

His hands shake as he microwaves some pizza. He's freaking out. Dream has never done that before. Oh, he compliments George plenty, but he's never gone all out like that. George feels vulnerable, like the very top layer of his skin has been peeled away to make everything sting. Not enough to make him bleed, but enough that everything hurts. His heart feels fragile, like a phone with the case removed. Like Dream has pulled it outside his ribcage and left it hanging out on his chest from veins and arteries, not bothering to put it back where he found it. George feels like if he doesn't do something about this, he's never going to be the same again. Dream is going to break

him.

He runs a bath and hops in with his pizza. The water is warm and it's comfortable. He's offline. He doesn't have to worry about any of it. It's not his responsibility anymore.

He eats his pizza and tries not to think.

Chapter End Notes

uhh comment and ill cherish ur feedback for literally the rest of my life

btw i have no plan for this fic whatsoever, im just writing in chronological order and seeing what comes out. so. i literally cant tell you what happens after what ive already written

Nobody:

Chapter Notes

the chapter titles are just memes that give me vibes pls dont overthink them dfjhdjh.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next day, George plays back the end of the recording and freaks out all over again. When he woke up, he wasn't sure he was remembering it right, because he remembered Dream *gushing*. But now he's sat at his computer, horrified, as he listens to Dream gush, and--

What is going on?

Why did Dream do this?

Discord lights up with a notification, and George clicks it.

good morning champion, from Dream. There's way too much to unpack there, from the timezones to what Dream just called him. George focuses on the easy part.

why are you up so early, George shoots back.

isn't it eleven for you

yeah, and it's like 6 for you, what are you doing up?

are you gonna tell me good morning or not george

good morning Dream

aww, you capitalised my name. uwu

did you just uwu at me

gross

get out

:(

Dream starts a voice call, and George's heart beats faster. He clicks the join button.

"What was up with last night," he says, before Dream can get a word in edgewise.

"You mean when you managed to kill me so often I was never past half iron while you kept gathering more and more resources the whole game? I think that was you being awesome."

Dream's voice is gravelly, presumably because he only just woke up, and George's face gets even hotter. And Dream sounds so genuinely happy the whole time he's talking, like he's not even mad about losing.

"Oh my god, you're doing it again, stop."

"What, I can't compliment my- my minecraft best friend?"

George squints at his screen.

"You stuttered, Dream, what were you going to say?"

"Nothing."

"No, tell me."

"It's nothing."

"Dream."

"Fine, I was gonna say champion, but I realised that was weird."

George makes a quiet squeaking sound and shuts his eyes. *My champion.*

"Oh," he says.

"I'm still waking up, okay," Dream says. "Cut me some slack--"

George tunes him out as he realises with horror that if they were talking face to face right now, this is right about the moment where he'd get fed up with everything and just kiss Dream. Because Dream is flirting, has been flirting for weeks, and George is tired of being played with. If Dream doesn't want to be kissed, he shouldn't lead on his minecraft best friend. It's mean.

The impulse is strong enough to pull his imagination with it, and for a moment, George actually thinks about kissing Dream. And then he realises Dream is still talking and says,

"Shut up, Dream."

He's kind of mad about it.

"I'm sorry," Dream says. "I know it was weird, that's why I didn't say it in the first place. And you asked--"

"It's fine, I don't care about that," George says. "Why did you call me?"

"I dunno, I just wanted to talk to you."

"Oh," George says. His face is probably bright red. "Did you want to talk about anything in particular, or...?"

Dream is quiet for a moment, and then he says,

"I mean, no, not really." He sounds awkward. "Since when do I have to have a reason to talk to you? You're my friend, that's reason enough."

George's face burns.

"Right," he says. He decides not to ask, and then realises he's been not asking for so long he's tired of it. He kind of wants to start asking. "What's with the flowers, why do you keep on giving me flowers?"

A few seconds of hesitation.

"I can stop, if you want."

That's not an answer.

"Tell me why, and I'll tell you if I want you to stop," George says. He's tired of the bullshit, the uncertainty, tired of not knowing.

"George, does it really matter why I--"

"It matters to me," George says, and Dream sighs. George realises he actually sounds nervous.

"Nevermind, it's-- I'll just stop, then it won't matter anymore--"

"Yes it will, because you'll still have done it last night and the day before and half a week ago and--"

"Okay, I get it, I get the picture, I give you flowers too often and it's uncomfortable. I'll stop, George. You don't have to pretend it's not weird--"

"I don't care if it's weird," George snaps. "Why do you keep calling things weird, none of this was weird until you made it weird."

Another silence stretches out for a few seconds. When Dream speaks, his voice sounds different. It takes George a moment to figure out he sounds hurt.

"George, I said I'd stop, can we just talk about something else?"

"You haven't told me why!" George says, frustrated. "Why won't you just tell me, I didn't *ask* you to stop, I asked you *why*."

"I won't tell you because you're my friend," Dream says, and George scoffs.

"That's stupid, that doesn't make any sense, Dream--"

--and I want you to keep being my friend, George. I don't want to mess everything up, okay? I shouldn't have messed with things in the first place, I shouldn't've tried to figure out if-- if-- it doesn't matter. I'll stop. You're my friend."

"Is it because you like me," George says, and Dream breathes in sharply enough for his microphone to pick it up. George winces. He never intended to ask that question, and he wishes he could take it back. But he can't. He said it. He's asked. And now he's going to know. He's going to find out the answer, and all the hope in his heart will be gone for good. He wishes he didn't say it, but he doubles down anyway, and says, "Do you like me, Dream?"

"I-I like all my friends, that's why they're my friends, George," Dream says. His voice is shaky.

"Right," George says. "You know what I meant, Dream. Do you like me? Please just answer the question."

George hears Dream take a deep breath, and then Dream says,

"I'm sorry."

"Why are you apologising?"

"Because I-- George, I made it weird, everything is gonna be awkward now and it's all my fault. I

just-- I should've just been satisfied with just talking to you and playing minecraft, believe me, if I could stop liking you, I would, but I haven't figured out how, so-- so I'm sorry."

"I can't believe this."

George is dizzy.

"I'm sorry. I said I'll stop, George, I promise I'll stop. I just wanna forget about this, can we please? Can we pretend I didn't-- like--"

"Is this a joke?" George asks. "Seriously, tell me the truth, I feel like I can't ever tell with you."

"It's never been a joke," Dream says. "Even when I said it was. Especially when I said it was. I'm sorry. George, seriously, I am so, so sorry."

George takes a deep breath. He knows he should be happy, but all he feels is anger. He tries to think it through, to decide what he's going to say so he won't dump all his anger on Dream, but he can't think. His heart is beating so fast and so hard he can hear his pulse in his ears. He's been holding everything in for so long.

"Why the hell didn't you just ask me out? You *idiot*. I thought you *knew*, I feel like I've been so *obvious* and this whole time I've felt like you were just-- using me to get the fangirls going so they'll buy more merch or whatever the fuck, and now you come out and tell me it was all real, the whole time? I wasn't just convenient to you? You-- you-- I thought, this whole time, that you just thought of Us Together as a joke! But you actually wanted it? Dream, what the hell is wrong with you? Why didn't you just say so?"

George runs out of steam. He hears Dream swallow.

"Well, part of it is because I wasn't single until recently," Dream says dryly. "You didn't say anything about it either."

"Because you made it excessively clear you didn't seriously want me!" George says. "I don't-- this is-- you're *ridiculous*, Dream. I'm seriously so mad at you right now."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Dream says, and George's fists clench. "When-- *what*?"

"*Oh, it's just a stupid joke, George!*" says George in his most grating american accent. "*Don't worry everyone, we both think it's hilarious that you want us to kiss! We don't even mind you saying it because it's so ridiculous we both know it'll never happen!* You seriously-- you really think-- *When*. Are you seriously asking me *when*? Always! You-- you've just been so *inconsiderate* of my feelings. What was your plan for if I actually liked you back? Did you even have one? Did you care that you'd be *hurting* me if that were the case?"

"Of course I care," Dream says. His voice is thick, like he's trying not to let it crack. "I care, George, I promise."

"Then what were you *thinking*? Please, Dream. I-- I want to forgive you. I'm listening, please just explain, I want you to have a reason, I want it to make sense."

"I can't make it make sense," Dream admits. The words are fragile, but they break George's heart. "I don't know what I was thinking. I was so confused, all the time, because I-- I've never lo-- liked a man before, and I also still loved Sam, and every time people said we seemed like a couple it just made me feel so-- I don't know, so... angry? That we weren't. Angry that we weren't. That I loved my girlfriend. That I liked you. That both were happening at the same time and I couldn't make

either one stop. So I just turned it into a joke. Because I didn't want to show anyone how mad I was about all of it. Being mad just... wasn't an option I could live with. I didn't want people to think I hated the idea of being, you know, gay. I had to respond to the shipping somehow, since I knew if I just tried to ignore it, it wouldn't work, so I just-- I figured laughing was better than shouting."

"Oh," George says. He takes a deep breath, and blinks a couple times.

"I didn't want to yell at you," Dream says. He sounds ashamed. "Every time someone said anything about shipping us, my first impulse was just to yell at you for not being with me. Someone would tweet *Dream and George seem like the kind of couple who would go bowling together and spend the whole time making fun of each other for not being very good at it* and I'd think *Why the hell can't I have that? It seems so good.*"

"Well, I hate to burst your bubble, but I'm actually pretty good at bowling," George says.

"Yeah, so am I, but-- you know what I mean, right? I just, I didn't know how to talk about it without being angry, and I didn't want to be mad at you because I, care about you."

George rubs his eyes. Now that he's let his anger out, he just feels tired. Not to mention, sort of numb.

"I don't know, Dream," he says. "I'm still not-- I still don't feel like I can really trust this, it seems too sudden, I need time to think."

"Of course," Dream says. "That's no problem, I won't push you, just-- just set whatever boundaries you need and I'll follow them. Whether it's flowers or flirting or--" Dream hesitates. "Or playing together. Whatever you need me to stop doing."

"I don't know," George says. He feels strangely hollow at the thought of Dream stopping with the flowers and the flirting. It makes his heart physically *hurt*. "I don't know what I need, Dream. Can we talk about it later?"

"Sure," Dream says. "Um. Are we still friends?"

"Yeah," George says, mouth dry. "Yeah, we're still friends."

"Okay. I'm glad," Dream says. "Just... let me know when you want to talk about it."

"Will do," George says.

"I have to go to work now."

"Okay, have fun."

Dream hangs up, and George stays in the call for a few seconds, zoned out. Then he shakes his head to clear it and hits the end call button.

Chapter End Notes

pls pls pls pls comment? also tell me if you read dream's pov or this one first

I thought you were American

Chapter Notes

al! right! alright!

i might have figured things out *slightly*

heres a brief overview:

dreams pov fic is messed up because of a site glitch. things are... complicated. im going to update it just after midnight eastern time tonight because Reasons (math lady gif)

(ive been corresponding with ao3 support and theyve been super helpful)

i havent fully figured things out!!! if the fics still dont display correctly there will be a delay before i update again, but hopefully this will work.

btw the total chapter count is just a record of how many chapters i currently have solid plans for. there are gonna be more than 6 chapters, but i have the number set to 6 because otherwise i get anxious.

thank you all sooo much for your comments on the previous update!! im not going to reply to most of them because there are a frankly overwhelming number of them, but i really truly appreciate all of you for reading this work. tyvm

two more things! ppl have mentioned being able to read the dialogue in their voices. thats intentional, its something i work very hard on. i know not everyone can mentally read in different voices, but since i can, i use it to judge whether my dialogue is good or not. i edit dialogue a *lot*. anyway, i just wanted to say that when im editing and proofreading this series, i read the narration for this fic in dream's voice in my head, but for the narration in dream's pov i hear george's. as if theyre telling the reader about one another. i just thought that was funky!! it wasnt even intentional, thats just how it is.

the second thing is that when i write these fics i take the dialogue from whichever pov i wrote first to use as a skeleton, and then i look at particularly important lines and try to figure out what each character's main priority is regarding those lines. that's why there have been some slight differences in which words in a sentence are italicised between these two fics.

my ANs are so long

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream likes him back. Dream *likes him back*.

Dream did a shit job of handling it. George is apprehensive at the thought of dating him. What if Dream handles all of his emotions this way? What if it ruins their friendship for good?

George is scared to change anything. He knows what he wants, though. He wants Dream to keep on giving him flowers and saying sweet things to him. He liked the gushing-- no, he loved it, and it makes him feel even stranger to think about it again now that he knows how Dream feels.

He needs to see his friend in person. He can't figure this out without a face to face conversation. Getting complimented was nice, but he wants to hold Dream's hand. He wants-- oh, it's so stupid, and so sappy.

But he wants to sit at the same desk when they make their thumbnails together. He wants to play minecraft in the same room. He wants to go on a walk with Dream in real life and walk close enough for their hands to brush by mistake. He wants-- he wants a *normal* relationship, the kind where things develop without a million people watching. He wants something with Dream, but he wants it to be *theirs*. He doesn't want people who don't even know them speculating about it.

He just wants to have what he wants with Dream without pressure from anyone else to have it a specific way. He doesn't want to be watched for signs they're dating or called a bottom in the comments for getting flustered. He hates the idea of anyone else feeling entitled to his experiences, his relationship, his dreams.

But they aren't going to stop. George grew up on the internet, and he knows how it works. No one is going to stop, and if George says anything about how much he hates it, he'll start an online war between two factions of teens. If people will suicide bait and send death threats over fictional characters, there's nothing to stop them from doing it for George. He's already seen people calling shippers disgusting and delusional in his comments section. George doesn't think they're disgusting, he just wishes they had a more complete understanding of boundaries. That they'd give him some way to avoid hearing what they're saying.

He's tired of people watching him. He wants to date Dream, but he knows he could never do so openly. He's repelled by the mere thought of people claiming they knew all along. Congratulations, assholes, except George has been drowning in uncertainty the whole time, so get the fuck out of here with that attitude. That's how George feels about it.

But then he tries to imagine hiding it, and that isn't good either. Because the way Dream talks to him and the way he talks to Dream are both going to change if they start dating. They won't be able to help it. And someone will notice. Someone always notices.

He's tired of hearing what other people think of him and Dream. He's tired of them trying to define his friendship with Dream, tired of them imposing opinions on him. He doesn't think he can stand much more of it.

He sends a message to Dream on Discord at about 10 pm his time, meaning it's 5 pm for Dream.

i cant do this

*what does that mean
you cant do what*

i cant do both. i cant date you and also do videos in front of a million people with you.

*oh.
okay, first of all, that's fine
but why*

i dont want to hide it all the time

then dont

its no one elses business dream

none of them are dating you

they dont have the right to butt into it

if im dating someone i want to act like it

but it makes me so uncomfortable to see people saying things about me like they know me

that makes sense

can i think about this?

yeah, you probably should

just let me know

.

George has no idea what choice he wants Dream to make. He loves doing the challenges and making the videos, and he doesn't want to stop, but he knows he can't handle dating Dream in the public eye.

what if we just turn off comments on every video

theres still twitter, dream

and chat in streams

we can have the mods delete shippy messages

dream, ive told you what the options are. ive told you what im okay with

i can tell people to stop

youll start a fanwar if you do that

people will think they have your support to reply to shippers with death threats or whatever

george i really like playing minecraft with you

i never said you had to stop doing that

but

i dont know how you can expect me to decide between the foundation of our relationship and taking things further

we can still play minecraft together just not in videos

i cant make this decision, george

what would you rather do

i dont know

i honestly dont

i want to date you

but i love doing videos with you

its effortless with you

editing doesnt even feel like a chore

its how i realised i wanted to be with you in the first place

*i was editing a video and usually i have to take breaks all the time just to get through it
but i thought to myself "i could really just go on doing this forever"
your the reason its fun, george*

**you're*

im trying to be serious and youre correcting my grammar

sorry

i want to be with you, george. i really do. but without...

i dont know

this fucking sucks, george

like, you realise this is the worst?

you dont have to choose now

george what do you even want out of this

honestly?

honestly.

George hits the call button.

.

"Hey."

"Hey, Dream," George says. "Look, I... I hate the way this started. I hate how it was a joke for so long. I just want to start over and fall in love the normal way. I want a regular relationship where no one is pointing at us and calling us adorable. I want us to be able to figure things out ourselves and I don't want you to stop flirting with me or giving me flowers."

"Oh," Dream says. "I mean-- wait, really? I can-- it's okay if I flirt with you?"

"I mean, I don't know. Not in videos or on stream, still."

"I can do that," Dream says.

"And I want to meet you in person. I need to talk about this face to face. I want to see you, Dream."

George hears Dream shift.

"I really wish I could offer to video call, but--" Dream cuts himself off, and George bites his lip.

"No, it's okay," he says, voice softer. Almost fond. George has never heard himself sound this way before. "You don't have to do that. I don't want to try and have a serious talk in a situation that would just make you feel awkward."

"Still," Dream says. "I just kinda wish I wasn't so, yknow, camera shy, or whatever."

"How would you feel about meeting up?" George asks, and Dream takes a moment to respond.

"I wouldn't be opposed. I mean, I don't really see how it's that much different from calling?"

"It's different because I miss you," George says. "I mean, I know we talk all the time, but it feels like you're someone who's supposed to be part of my life but you aren't physically here and it *hurts*, Dream--"

He cuts himself off. Was that too much? That was too much.

"Oh," Dream says. George winces. "I didn't know you felt that way."

"Is that too much?" George asks.

"No, definitely not," Dream says. "Honestly, when you put it that way, it legitimately pains me that I can't teleport."

Despite the seriousness, George has to smile at that.

"What, just for me?"

"Who else?" Dream says, and he sounds so earnest, so sincere-- and George realises that he can tell now. He knows Dream means it. Before, he had trouble because Dream insisted he was joking when he was saying things he meant, but now--

Now he *knows*, and Dream's words make him feel warm inside. Not an embarrassed warm, but a cozy warm.

"Actually, since you say that," George begins. He hesitates, and then asks, "Are you poly?"

"What? No, I'm Dream. Who's Polly?"

What. George snorts.

"No, are you polyamorous?"

A moment of silence.

"What is that?"

"It's..." George pauses for a moment. "Okay, there's an easy way to explain but you're going to assume it's bad at first, but it's not bad, so just keep listening for the rest of the explanation."

"Okay?" Dream says. "Just explain, or I'll google it."

"It's like, loving more than one person. And dating more than one person, but like, not lying about it, and only if they're all okay with it."

"Oh," Dream says. He sounds kind of taken aback. "People do that?"

"I mean, yeah," George says, face flushing.

"And it works?"

George winces, remembering when he tried it once and his heart got whacked clean in half like a tomato on a cutting board.

"Yeah," he says. "You have to communicate really well, though."

"Fuck, I *suck* at that," Dream says. He sounds crestfallen. "Wait, why do you think I'm-- why are

you asking?"

"The other day you said you still loved Sam at the same time you liked me."

Dream takes some time to respond, and George wonders if he shouldn't have brought up his ex.

"But- but that's normal, isn't it? Like, everyone has casual crushes. Even if they have a partner already."

"Am I a casual crush?" George asks wryly, and he feels bad for it; he's making Dream choose between hurting his feelings and going out on a limb, but Dream answers pretty quickly.

"I mean, no, definitely not. I just-- do other people stop getting crushes when they're in love? As in, like, serious crushes-- oh. Oh no, George? George, I don't-- I don't even know if it's a crush, I think I literally fell in love with you but I still called it a crush because I fell in love with Sam first but-- oh fuck. Wait. Wait, half of that was supposed to stay in my brain."

George laughs, because that was probably the cutest paragraph anyone's ever said to him.

"Don't worry about it," he says. "You-- well, you somehow aren't the only one."

"There's other people in love with you?" Dream says. "Who, I need to tell them they're right."

George snorts.

"No, you idiot, I mean-- I mean that I--"

"There's not?" Dream says, and he sounds puzzled. "George, that's ridiculous, because I'm pretty sure it's impossible to know you and not fall in love with you. I should know, I tried."

"You tried?" George says.

"I thought I could only have one, I didn't know polly pocketry or whatever was even a thing! Wait, does that mean that if I talk to Sam--"

"She still lied to you," George says. "And it's polyamory."

"You're right," Dream says. "I just-- I feel like-- I want there to be a way, but there's not, is there. There isn't a way, and I need to let her go."

George swallows.

"Right."

"Can I tell you something?" Dream says. He's very quiet now.

"Sure," George says, leaning in even though he's wearing earbuds.

"I wanted to cheat," Dream says. "I wanted to be with you the whole time. I really just-- I wanted to cheat on her. With you."

"Oh," George says.

"Does-- does that make me a bad person? Doesn't it mean I deserved-- do I have any right to be mad at her and break up with her for it?"

"What?" George says, appalled. "No, it doesn't make you a bad person, Dream. You didn't cheat. Wanting isn't doing. This isn't-- it wasn't okay, she shouldn't have cheated on you."

"I'm not even that mad about it," Dream says in a defeated tone of voice. "Not really, I mean," his voice turns bitter, "I get it. You fall in love with two people and you have to choose because you can only have one..." shifting to wistful, like he's on a merry-go-round of emotions-- "it's so tempting to just... not choose. I get why she did it."

George scoffs.

"She should have told you," he says. "If we do decide to date, please promise you'll tell me if you like someone else too, Dream. I'm not sure if I'm poly or not, but I still want to know, so we can figure it out together."

"Oh," Dream says. "Okay. I- yes, I will. You really want to know?"

"Of course I do," George says.

Dream doesn't say anything for a moment.

"Sam would get mad when I talked about you," he says, very quiet again. "She said she was tired of hearing about how great you are. But I didn't even talk about you that much. I don't get it. I don't get why you would want to hear about anyone else, and I don't get why she got so mad when she had someone else too the whole time."

"You didn't even really have me," George says softly. "She was the only one who had anyone else-- anyway, I want to hear about it because I just don't want you to feel like you have to make it a joke so you don't get mad. You shouldn't have to avoid getting mad in the first place. I just want you to talk to me."

"I talk to you all the time."

"About your feelings, Dream."

"Yeah, I know."

"And... Can we meet? In person, for real?"

George holds his breath.

"Okay," Dream says. "Yeah, I'd like that."

George lets out a sigh of relief.

"I'll talk to you later, then?"

"Oh, uh-- yes. TTYL."

"Idiot," George says, and Dream laughs.

Chapter End Notes

dreams pov is like 3100 words. i said id cut it off at 3k from now on but i

hyperfocused and only checked the word count when i was finished, rip.

comment if you like! also, i posted a frozen oneshot centered around prince hans that currently has no comments :(so [here's a link to that](#) if you'd like to check it out while you wait for dream's pov

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!